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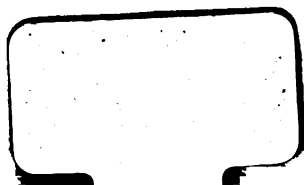
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HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

MISS HOWE.

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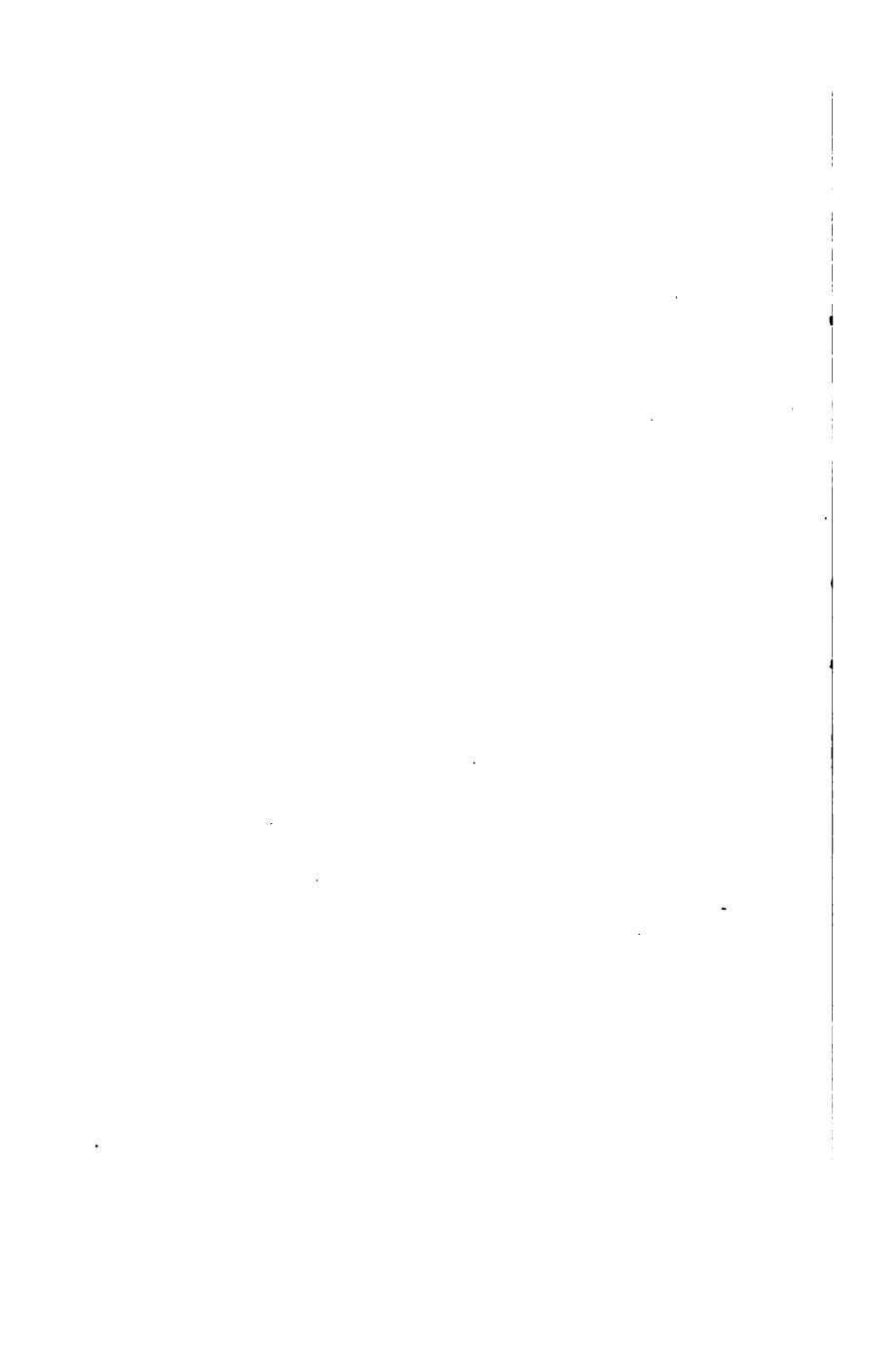




Rachel Eldridge
from her affec. Cousin
John Hobden
5th Mo. 1854



THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
IS,
BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION,
DEDICATED TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF SHEFFIELD,
BY
HER MOST GRATEFUL,
MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

AT the suggestion of a few kind friends, and with the benevolent assistance of the subscribers, who have so generously aided its publication, this little volume is now presented to the indulgent consideration of its readers; and although the afflicted author is fully sensible that the Poems do not in themselves possess sufficient merit to authorize her to submit them to the notice of the public, she has, nevertheless, been induced to acquiesce in the desire of her friends to publish them, in the hope that a small fund may be thereby raised in aid of her present necessities.

It would ill become the author to conclude this introductory preface, without offering her warmest acknowledgments for the very prompt and kind sympathy and support she has received from the subscribers, who have so liberally enabled her to complete her present undertaking.

Uckfield, 1845.

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HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

MISS H. TO THE SUBSCRIBERS FOR
HER ANNUITY.

HAD I a tongue like some to boast,
Well versed in classic lore ;
Or could I now the flow'ry fields
Of Rhetoric explore ;

Then would my grateful thanks be paid
In language more refined,
To those whose generous hands afford
Protection to the blind.

But language even then would fail
 The feelings to express,
 Of that lone being, by your care,
 Thus shielded from distress.

Accept ye, then, those heartfelt thanks,
 The voice but feebly speaks ;
 Remember 'tis a bruised reed
 Your kind indulgence seeks.

But neither bruise nor wound can crush
 That flower of heaven's own hue,
 Which blooms within that lonely heart—
 'Tis gratitude to you.

And when that awful book is spread
 Wide open—you shall see
 This deed as a memorial stand,
 And plead thy cause for thee.

RECOLLECTIONS.

How oft I 've loved at summer's eve to rove,
 In wood and vale, through flowery field and grove ;
 Then on some hillock take awhile my stand,

While round me spread my merry little band
 Of light young hearts, who gay with childhood's glee,
 Each other chased in mirthful revelry :
 But some more grave would by the hedge-row stand,
 And place a blooming tribute in my hand,
 Composed of violets sweet, and primrose pale,
 Whose rich perfumes were wafted by the gale.
 Then on we'd stroll beneath yon matchless trees,
 While their bright foliage fluttered in the breeze ;
 And stately deer, up-springing from the ground,
 With sportive haste across our pathway bound :
 While clamouring rocks in martial order come, *12 10 10*
 With circling flight around their airy home ;
 And much we loved to walk with careful tread,
 Where yonder mansion* rears its lofty head,
 Like some high dame—in stately pride she stands,
 That all around may bow to her commands.
 And proud thou well may'st be—England's fair Queen
 Beneath thy roof a worshipped guest hath been ;
 Kent's royal Dame has graced thy honoured walls,
 And princely Albert paced thy courtly halls :
 Yet to the noble, even change will come,
 And the fair trio, who once called thee—home,
 To be the pride of other halls are flown,
 And left thee and their noble sire alone.
 Yet he no loneliness can ever know,
 Who truly feels for others' weal or woe ;

* B——d Park, the Seat of the Earl of L——l.

Where deep affliction the proud spirit bends,
 The hand of heaven-born charity extends.
 Feelings like these must sweet companions be,
 And bring a rich reward from One, since He
 Hath said, "fear not, thou did'st it unto me." }
 But other fairy forms are springing round,
 Who soon will sport about thy pleasant ground ;
 While their light footsteps, thy green sod shall press,
 Will crown life's autumn with true happiness.
 And soon again, I trust, the time will come,
 When shouts of loyalty will shake thy dome ;
 And royal guests sit smiling at thy board,
 Bringing new honours to thy noble lord.
 Still may the rulers of thy fair domain,
 Possess those honours while thy walls remain :
 E'en when, (though far, far distant be the day),
 Another Edward bears the regal sway.
 But leaving thee, we through yon wicket pass,
 Where oft, we on the long and matted grass,
 Or standing on some low and humble bed,
 Surveyed the records of the mouldering dead :
 Then sat awhile beneath yon aged yew,
 And spake of those among the sleeping crowd we knew ;
 Then e'er the sun withdrew his last bright ray,
 With loitering footsteps homeward traced our way ;
 Where in our humble, peaceful resting-place,
 We bent the knee before the throne of grace ;
 Then watched in night, the shades of evening close,
 And sank into a sweet and calm repose.

TO MISS H——H.

ANOTHER silver cord is broken,
That bound me to this world of care—
Recalls my wandering thoughts to heaven,
And bids me seek my treasure there.

And must that mournful word be spoken,
Which oft the heart-strings rend. in twain ;
To me the painful trial's given,
And I must say, Farewell, again.

When thou thy peaceful home hast quitted,
To dwell amongst the great and gay ;
The world its glittering snares may spread,
To lead thy guileless mind astray.

Then to the Rock of Ages hasten,
While yet with youthful feelings warm ;
There thou a shelter sure shall find,
From summer's sun, and winter's storm.

Farewell then ; may angels watch thee,
And guard thee with a sacred spell,
From sickness, sorrow, sin and death.
Farewell then, for awhile, farewell.

HYMN.

DEAR Jesus ! at thy feet I fall,
 Regard me while there yet is time,
Oh ! listen to my earnest call,
 While I up Calvary's mountain climb.

There firmly clinging to thy cross,
 I'll lay my heavy burden down,
Content to suffer grief and loss,
 So thou but turn aside thy frown.

Did'st thou not to the weary say,
 I'll give rest, come thou to me, *Jesus*
" My blood can wash thy guilt away,
 My dying groan shall set thee free."

How cheering are the gospel sounds,
 Dear to the heart where Jesus reigns,
How precious where free grace abounds,
 And breaks the mourning captive's chains.

Too long I've taken Martha's part,
 But now from earthly cares set free ;
I turn and with a willing heart,
 Like Mary give up all for thee.

TO MRS. N———M ON HER BIRTH DAY.

AGAIN we hail the day's return,
When to a tender mother's care,
Thy helpless infant form was given,
An answer to a mother's care.

Years have sped on since that blest hour,
When first she heard thy feeble cries ;
And her enfranchised soul has joined
With kindred spirits in the skies.

But in thy turn a mother now—
Oh ! may'st thou see in future years,
A rich and glorious harvest spring
From seeds, which oft were sown in tears.

The fondness of a mother's love,
None but a mother's heart can know ;
And we thy happy children own
How much we to that love still owe.

Long may thy useful life be spared
To guide our wandering steps aright ;
And may we ever grateful hail
This day's return with new delight.

And when that parting hour shall come,
 And all thy earthly trials are o'er,
 May thy last blessing on us rest
 Until we meet to part no *more*.

Written at the request of her daughters, November 2, 1845.

TO A DEAR YOUNG FRIEND.

FULL well I know the arduous task
 Thou art called on to fulfil,
 To guide the erring spirit right,
 And rule the wayward will.

Patience, the weapon thou must wield—
 Firmness, with kindness joined—
 Will oft the rebel spirit bend,
 And win the youthful mind.

Faint not, altho' thou canst not reap :
 The seeds, which thou hast sown,
 May bloom in flowers of heavenly hue
 When they mature have grown.

The quickest springing flower we find,
 Will soonest fade away ;
 But slowly-growing oaks will take
 Whole ages to decay.

Oh ! may those youthful minds improve
 Beneath thy watchful care,
 And be each moral precept given,
 Implanted deeply there.

Oh ! may their virtues like the sun,
 Which clouds obscure to day,
 Shine forth with greater lustre when
 Those clouds have passed away.

TO MISS M—.

Come rest upon this couch thy aching limbs,
 Though rude its form and lowly be its bed,
 The hand of love hath placed the pillows there
 To soothe thy pain and ease thy weary head.

Though deep affliction marks the present hour,
 Shrink not with terror from the upraised rod ;

But take the stripes which are in mercy given,
To bring thy spirit closer to its God.

So shall thy soul prove from this sudden change,
Like gold by the refiner purified,
That precious ore of worth is found,
When by the fire its value has been tried.

TO MASTER I. I. G—G.

To the home of thy childhood, again
Thou art welcome my dear little friend,
All thy tasks for awhile lay aside,
Mirth and pleasure thy steps shall attend.

Now all things look pleasant and gay,
The flowers which thy garden adorn
Seem to hold up their beautiful heads,
As if smiling to see thee return.

Then the birds (who so merry as they !)
Hopping gaily thy pathway along,
While they boldly regale on thy fruit,
Will repay thee for all with a song.

There is Captain, thy trusty old dog,
 Who by night keeps guard over thy home,
 From his kennel will joyfully leap,
 When he sees his young master is come.

Thy kind parents now will receive thee
 With a smile of affection and joy,
 For they love to see happiness shine
 In the face of their own darling boy.

There's one too who still feels delight,
 For to her you are faithful and kind,
 There's no music more sweet than thy voice
 To thy friend, who is lonely and blind.

May God bless and preserve thee, dear child,
 Make thy home here the dwelling of love,
 And when he shall summon thee hence
 May he give thee a mansion above.

HYMN.

Oh ! God thou in mercy affliction hast brought,
 To lead thy strayed sheep to the fold,
 To the heart now humble and contrite hast brought
 That wisdom, more precious than gold.

May I ever regard all things but as loss,
 That aid not the Saviour to win,
 And eagerly press to the foot of the cross,
 To lay down this burden of sin.

Released from the load and washed in the fountain,
 By faith may my spirit arise,
 And joyfully spring from Calvary's mountain
 To join the blest throng in the skies.

There like them arrayed in vestments of glory
 Encircling the Lamb on His throne,
 Uniting with them, relate the great story
 Of what the Redeemer has done.

Then will we prostrate ourselves down before Him
 And worship in silence profound ;
 Or rising in triumph, praise and adore Him,
 While heaven re-echoes the sound.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

FAREWELL, dear Eliza, you now leave our retreat,
 In the mazes of life's thorny pathway to tread,
 If its briars and thorns spring up under your feet,
 May the olive of peace ever rest on your head.

Though you may forget in the gay crowded city,
 All the friends you have left in this calm, quiet spot ;
 Or recall them to memory only with pity,
 Because they your enjoyments and pleasures have not.

But remember, dear girl, all pleasure is fleeting,
 Like the shade on the dial, 't will soon pass away ;
 And often it leaves a sad sting in retreating,
 That will darken the evening of life's closing day.

But if you in the shelter of home still remain,
 There your parents will guide you, will love and protect ;
 Then let not their wise counsels be given in vain,
 Nor their kind admonitions with anger reject.

But with cheerfulness yield to the dictates of age,
 Though its precepts may not with your feelings agree ;
 Turn with care and attention to that sacred page,
 Which will teach you the world's gay allurements to flee.

For then shall that peace, passing all understanding,
 Cast a halo of glory your sunset around,
 Which leaving behind its bright rays in descending,
 Will mark thee, fair traveller, as Zionward bound.

Safely landed at length from the world's stormy tide,
 And for ever set free from the fetters of care,
 May that city's fair portal be thrown open wide,
 And a band of bright Seraphim welcome thee there.

ON RESIGNATION.

OH, Thou who causest the storm to cease,
And bad'st the raging waves be still,
Teach me to bear this weight of grief,
And bow submissive to thy will.

I know all Thy decrees are just,
Though I in sorrow end my days,
No murmur shall escape my lips,
For true and faithful are thy ways.

In passing through life's stormy path,
I've tasted many a bitter cup,
And shall I then refuse this last ?
No, Lord ! in faith I'll drink it up.

As I near death's dark valley draw,
A bright though distant star appears,
From Calvary's holy mount it shines,
To guide my steps and dry my tears.

Calmly on Jordan's banks I'll wait,
May I, when summoned through its flood,
Receive a robe of spotless hue,
Made white for me in Jesu's blood.

Then I amidst yon happy throng,
 In loud and heavenly lays shall sing
 My never-ending praise and thanks
 To Him, my Shepherd, Friend, and King.

ST. MATTHEW, VII. 26.

BUILD not thy house upon the sand,
 Where raging storms and tempests blow,
 Then will the tottering fabric fall,
 And great will be its overthrow.

So frail the hopes of feeble man,
 When weakly built on earthly joy,
 They sink in dust beneath his hand,
 Or prove, at best, but glittering toys.

Then build thy house upon that Rock,
 Whence streams of living waters flow,
 The crystal wave shall slake thy thirst,
 And thou shalt all its sweetness know.

There fixed—though rolling floods surround
 Upheld by an almighty hand,

Rains may descend and winds may blow
 'Midst falling worlds 't will firmly stand.

That rock is Christ, whose precious blood,
 Flowed forth in crimson streams for thee,
 To cleanse thy guilty soul from sin,
 To set the struggling pris'ner free.

Then yield to him a willing heart,
 Who freely gave His life for thine ;
 Who now is to His kingdom gone
 To build for thee a house divine.



REFLECTIONS IN B——D CHURCHYARD.



I LOVED to sit beneath the shade,
 Of yonder dark and ancient tree,
 To contemplate the silent dead,
 Who now from toil and care are free.

I've walked among yon grassy mounds,
 And on the damp, cold stone have traced,
 With tearful eye, the mournful lines,
 That fond affection there hath placed.

I've often marked in thoughtful mood,
 The place where friends and kindred lie.

And seem with warning voice to tell
 Those who remain—they too must die.

Then let me inward turn my thoughts,
 Should I be quickly called away,
 Am I prepared to meet my judge,
 Upon his great and awful day ?

Oh may I ever watchful be,
 That I with hope and joy may rise,
 When the last fearful trump shall sound,
 To meet my Saviour in the skies.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH DAY.

We joyfully hail the return of the day,
 When thou to the kindest of parents wast given ;
 They gazed on thy infantine form with delight,
 And invoked on their child the blessings of heaven.

Years have rolled on, thou hast sprung up before them,
 In beauty and bloom, like the flowers of May ;
 But the sweetest of flowers will wither and fade,
 And the loveliest form with time will decay.

But there is a beauty ever unchanging,
 That by long possession more brightly will shine,
 Its blossoms are charity, meekness, and love,—
 May we ever acknowledge that beauty as thine.

And when the springtide of thy youth shall have passed,
 May thy summer of life still unclouded be found ;
 May the fruit of good works thy autumn enrich ;
 With honour and peace may thy winter be crowned.

TO MRS. N., ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

Oh ! cease to mourn o'er your much loved child,
 For her spirit hath fled to its rest ;
 She hath quitted her earthly abode,
 That she ever may dwell with the blest.

We may speak of the flower cut down
 In the pride of its beauty and bloom,
 And we grieve one so lovely and young
 Should thus early be laid in the tomb.

Yet we know that the casket alone,
 That will fall to decay in the dust ;
 But the jewel is safely enshrined,
 With her Lord, for in Him was her trust.

Oft in fancy I hear her sweet voice,
Gently whispering, " Weep not for me ;
You would breath not a sigh o'er my tomb,
If you me in my glory could see.

" The vesture I wear is whiter than snow,
It was dipped in the blood of the Lamb,
And the crown that encircles my brow,
Far surpasses the most brilliant gem.

" I tune a harp of the purest gold,
While I stand by the side of my King ;
And He casts on me a smile of love,
When I touch its melodious string.

" But time steals on with a noiseless step,
And soon will you join this happy throng ;
" You too shall wear a spotless robe,
And unite in our heavenly song.

" In your walk of faith and Christian love,
Teach my brother and sisters to join,
That led by Him who died on the cross,
They with me in His glory may shine."

TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

IN the days of old romance,
A nuptial song was sung,
To grace the marriage feast,
The lute and harp were strung.

Those days are past and gone,
Instead of harp and lute,
The merry village bells
The bridal train salute.

But hearts are still as warm,
And friendship still as true,
And wishes may as fervent prove,
As mine, dear Jane, for you.

May peace and health be thine,
No sorrow ever come
To mar the wedded joys,
Of thy sweet cottage home.

The partner of your choice,
May he be true and kind,
And may you ever prove
In him a kindred mind.

May plenty crown your board,
 And length of days be given,
 And may you only part
 To reunite in heaven.



HYMN.



Bow down thine ear, oh Lord ! and hear,
 While I for mercy cry,
 O ! wipe away the bitter tear,
 That fills this darken'd eye.

Remove the load that makes me weep,
 And sinks me in despair,
 And place me with the favoured sheep,
 Beneath thy shepherd's care.

Protected by his friendly crook,
 While in his fold I lie,
 I to my Saviour God will look,
 And Satan's wiles defy.

From day to day his holy name,
 I'll worship and adore,

His mercy and love proclaim,
Till life shall be no more.

Then like the lark with upward flight,
My soul shall wing her way,
And change this darkness for the light
Of God's eternal day.

TO A WIDOW.

Poor mourner! cease those streaming tears,
Know thou art not of all bereft,
Though deep thy sorrow now appears,
There still is consolation left.

Thou art not wholly desolate,
There is one faithful Friend above,
Who looks with pity on thy state,
" Whose nature and whose name is love." *

Before Him spread thy heavy grief,
He ever lends a willing ear,
Will give thy breaking heart relief,
And wipe away the scalding tear.

* Wesley.

When He on Olives' mountain stood,
 What gracious accents from him fell,
 He heavenly manna gave for food,
 And water from a living well.

And thus he spake—

“To those who mourn I blessings send,
 By me they comforted shall be,
 I will the fatherless befriend,
 And let the widow trust in me.”



TO A CHARITABLE LADY.



WHEN Dorcas died, the weeping poor
 Her lifeless form surveyed,
 And round the couch the garments spread
 Her ready hand had made.

In deep distress they Peter sought,
 And did his aid implore,
 He entered the abode of death,
 And bade them weep no more.

Then by her side he knelt and prayed ;
 That prayer of faith was heard,

And back to all her mourning friends
The matron he restored.

So when thy close of life draws near,
The poor for thee shall raise
Their fervent prayers before the throne,
For added length of days.

For Dorcas-like, to them dost thou
A generous hand extend ;
In thee the helpless ever find
A true and faithful friend.

The naked clothed, the hungry fed,
How sad to them the day,
When God shall say " Thy work is done,"
And summon thee away.

And though their prayers will not recall
Thee back to earth again,
Thou wilt with thy Redeemer live,
And ever with him reign.

There shalt thou reap a rich reward
From him thy Priest and King ;
The golden harp—the seraph's crown,
And endless praises sing.

A CARD OF THANKS FOR A CONCERT TICKET.

" If music's charms can soothe the savage breast,"
 And bid each jarring passion sink to rest,
 How great its power where deep affection dwells,
 And casts around the heart its magic spells :
 That I've enjoyed those pleasures here below
 My ever grateful thanks to thee I owe ;
 That one so humble should thy kindness share,
 Or should be deemed as worth a thought or care,
 Caused when I heard those sacred songs of praise,
 My own full heart to join their heavenly lays,
 And bless the generous hand by which was given,
 A passport to that little earthly heaven.

TO AN INFANT.

WELCOME little blossom ! welcome
 To thy youthful mother's arms,
 Safely in her tender bosom,
 Rest secure from all alarms.

May'st thou, little feeble rose-bud,
 Prove a bright and sterling gem ;

Never may rude storm and tempest,
Rend thee from thy parent stem.

Daily may thy opening beauties,
Yield thy parents new delight ;
May'st thou all their care and kindness,
By thy filial love requite.

May thy future years advancing,
Find thee rich in every grace ;
May'st thou woman's faith possessing,
Boldly run the Christian race.

Ranged beneath thy Saviour's banner,
'Midst the thousands rallied round,
May'st thou shine amongst the brightest,
With immortal honours crowned.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON a rosy couch reclining,
Flora in her leafy bower,
Held a beauteous chaplet, twining
Round it many a fragrant flower.

To her fair nymphs she said and smiled
 Let us weave without delay,
 A garland for my favorite child,
 This is Anna's natal day.

First, take the lily white and fair,
 Emblem of her gentle mind ;
 Then place the blushing rose-bud there,
 With the blooming myrtle twined.

Next, pluck the modest violet,
 Bending lowly to the ground,
 Still shrinking from your view, but yet
 Ever by its sweetness found.

Now we'll that humble flow'ret seek,
 By a Christian virtue named
 The lily-of-the-valley meek,
 By her the virtue too is claimed.

Come, bring me that all love so well,
 May the heart's-ease gentle flower,
 For ever in her bosom dwell,
 Ever flourish round her bower.

Go bind the wreath her brow around,
 May its blossoms never fade,
 Till my lovely friend be found,
 In flowers of Paradise arrayed.

TO THE SAME.

AGAIN the sweet blossoms of Spring have burst forth,
In the pride of the summer array,
And nature is decked in her fairest gems,
To welcome once more thy natal day.

Now the busy bee sips of the morning dew,
From young clustering roses so sweet,
Which scatter around them their richest perfumes,
With their fragrance thy presence to greet.

Come then, open thine eyes on the fairy scene,
And bid thy light slumbers take wing,
For the gay merry lark in the light blue sky,
Makes the air with its melody ring.

The sun like a king from the brightening east
Now drives his fiery car on high ;
But his rays of gold, when he sinks in the west,
Will illumine the evening sky.

And thus may thy life still glide cheerfully on
Like a summer's day, cloudless and fair ;
May peace and contentment thy dwelling surround,
Unembittered by sorrow and care.

And when thou art called from this temple of clay,
 May bright angels descend from above,
 And bear thee to heaven for ever to dwell
 With thy Lord in his kingdom of love.

HYMN.

JESUS! thy sweet and hallowed name,
 My sinking spirit cheers,
 It kindles there a holy flame,
 And dissipates my fears.

On thy dear name my hope is stayed,
 On thee I cast my care,
 Of what shall I then be afraid,
 If I that blessing share?

Beneath the shadow of the cross,
 Faint, weary, and oppressed,
 I lie content to bear each loss,
 Since there I shall find rest.

For thou hast said, who can'st not lie—
 "Come, trembling sinner, come,
 I'll wipe the tear-drop from thine eye,
 And lead thee safely home.

"For thou shalt find my yoke is light,
 And easy to be borne ;
 I'll change to day this gloomy night,
 And thou shalt cease to mourn."

Dear Lord ! I listen to thy call,
 Resign'd to thy decree ;
 From henceforth thou shalt be my all,
 I'll give up all for thee."

TO MISS M—N.

WHAT thanks to thee my youthful friend I owe,
 That thus my hours of darkness glide away,
 While I pursue my destin'd course below,
 Employment is the sun that gilds my day.

Once like the bee I went from flower to flower,
 Began my labour with the rising sun ;
 Indulged no care beyond the passing hour,
 Nor breathed a wish my arduous task were done.

Now all is past—my cheerful hearth no more
 Re-echoes with the merry laugh and song ;

The sound of infant praise and prayer is o'er,
And silent now is every lisping tongue.

Though left in darkness—still there is a light,
Which pierces through the deep and dreary gloom,
That draws aside the shadowy vale of night,
And shews a shining path beyond the tomb.

Thine was the hand, that taught me how to trace
Upon that heavenly chart the sacred page,
Where I may find that better resting place,
That changes not from age to endless age.

Pursue the work thou hast so well begun,
Still teach the blind and poor to serve the Lord ;
And when thy works of charity are done,
A crown of glory shall be thy reward.



TO THE LADIES OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.



How pleasing 'tis to view yon smiling group,
Of England's daughters, generous and kind,
To know the cause for which they thus unite,
As animated by one heart and mind.

'Tis not to join in folly's vain pursuits,
 'Tis not to lead the merry dance and song,—
 A nobler cause bids them assemble here,
 And fills with joy and zeal the happy throng.

Behold that Holy Book before them spread,
 Inscribed with Jesu's great and hallowed name,
 'Tis there they bid the sinner seek for peace,
 Thence they glad tidings to the poor proclaim.

No more to poverty that book is closed—
 There's not a cottage or a hut around,
 However scant of worldly goods they be,
 But there the sacred Volume may be found.

The lonely widow eats her hard earned crust,
 Then on her Bible for awhile will muse,
 Till all her pain and sorrow is forgot,
 And tears of gratitude her cheek bedews.

The pious sire, whose locks now thin and gray,
 Bespeak his labours drawing near their close,
 Feels the full value of the precious gift,
 While joy and thankfulness his heart o'erflows.

To those who on the bed of sickness laid,
 The healing balm within their reach they place,
 Which soothes their pain and lightens every grief ;
 And e'en the blind the heavenward path can trace.

Young children, early taught to read the word
 That points their footsteps to the realms above,
 In future years shall bless the generous hands,
 That led them first to seek a Saviour's love.

Go on ! nor faint beneath your arduous task,
 Souls won to Christ shall prove the brightest gem,
 Shall shine like stars of glory round your path,
 And sparkle in your heavenly diadem.

TO S. W.

FAREWELL ! dear child we part,
 Perhaps to meet no more,
 Till God shall land us both
 Upon yon peaceful shore.

But thou art young—to thee
 The world seems bright and fair,
 Yet oft its sweetest smile,
 Conceals the wily snare.

Its vain allurements shun,
 Thy Saviour early seek,

He ever is at hand,
To aid the faint and weak.

In him place all thy trust,
Beneath his banner stand,
There thou shalt safely rest,
Protected by his hand.

Though sorrow clouds thy brow,
Yet banish every fear,
For Jesus loves them best
Who seek him early here.

And oft he calls them hence,
While yet in beauty's prime,
To shield them, lest the world
Should lead them into crime.

Then yield to his decree,
And let his will be thine,
For those who early die
In early glory shine.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION:

THOUGH the rod of affliction now falls on thy head,
Yet sink not in hopeless despair ;
But remember that he who hath bruised thee can heal,
Then cast upon him all thy care.

That he careth for thee, he himself hath declared,
Then cease to repine at his will,
Let thy prayers ascend to his heavenly throne,
And the tempest within shall be still.

If in love he corrects those he claims for his own,
Who would not correction receive
From the hand of a Father so loving and kind,
Who will not, who cannot deceive.

For our sin his dear Son was a sacrifice made,
This He in his word has revealed ;
And all our transgressions were laid upon him,
That we by his stripes may be healed.

We must meditate oft on the scourge and the cross,
And the streams that flowed down from his side ;
They will teach us our lighter afflictions to bear,
And by them our faith will be tried.

Let us ever in Jesus contentedly rest,
Take either the staff or the rod,
As he may in his wisdom and goodness think best,
'Twill guide us in safety to God.



ON HEARING THE FUNERAL KNELL.

AGAIN the solemn knell of death,
Strikes on the listening ear,
And seems with mournful voice to tell
How short our passage here,

A few brief years, soon past and gone,
Complete the sum of life ;
Then we have done with joy and woe,
And cease our mortal strife.

It nought avails what we have been,
If we've a sceptre swayed ;
Or in the meanest cottage dwelt,
When in the grave we're laid.

But when we stand before the bar
Of Jesu's judgment-seat,
How shall we tremble if we hear
His awful voice repeat—

“ Depart from me—ye strangers are,
Ye honour'd not my name,
Nor didst ye to poor sinful man,
My boundless love proclaim.

“Depart ye hence to Satan’s courts,
 Down in his realms below.
 Where ye must with the wretched dwell,
 In never ending woe.”

But O ! what joy—what ecstasy
 If we should hear him say,
 “Ye blessed of my Father come,
 I’ll wipe your tears away.

“On my right hand your station take,
 Your welcome shall resound,
 In joyful songs of triumph raised,
 By myriads around.”

Then we like them shall in our turn
 Sweet hallelujahs raise,
 And through eternity shall sing,
 Our dear Redeemer’s praise.

HYMN.

LORD ! teach my heart to yield each day,
 With patience to thy will,
 To thee its grateful homage pay,
 And bless and praise thee still.

Let love to thee most holy Lord
 On all my actions reign,
 Aid me to check each idle word,
 Each murmuring thought restrain.

So shall my walk far closer be,
 My spirit purer still,
 And fitter made to dwell with thee,
 On Zion's holy hill.

There midst adoring crowds that press
 Around thy dazzling throne,
 I shall thy matchless power confess,
 And make thy goodness known.

On golden lyre of sweetest sound
 My joyful song shall be,
 "Hear, O ye listening worlds around!
 My Saviour died for me."

TO A RELATIVE ON RETURNING FROM SEA.

WELCOME to thy native shore,
 Thou wanderer o'er the main,
 With joy we hail
 The spreading sail
 That wafts thee home again.

Beneath thy father's roof once more,
And round the festal board,
 Thy brothers meet
 And sisters greet
The wanderer restored.

Thy mother too, thy absence now
No longer doomed to mourn,
 Hastes to prepare,
 That all may share
Her joy at thy return.

The tempests o'er, thy hardships told,
Each bitter thought expressed,
 The dangers past,
 Thy anchor cast,
Here thou canst safely rest.

And tell strange sights, which thou hast seen
'Neath India's scorching sun,
 Of Brahmin mild
 And Savage wild,
And deeds of horror done.

Of hair-breadth scapes and stormy seas,
Of shipwreck, want, and pain ;
 Now all is o'er
 And England's shore
Cheers thy glad heart again.

In distant climes this thought hath been
 A cordial to thy heart,
 That thou might see
 Those dear to thee,
 From them no more to part.

Then from the past this lesson learn,
 To place thy trust in God,
 Make truth thy shield,
 And meekly yield
 Beneath the chastening rod.

Then as the voyage of life shall pass,
 Be faith the anchor given,
 The cross so bright,
 The beacon light,
 To guide thy bark to heaven.



ON RECEIVING THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.



WELCOME gay summer's lovely queen,
 Thou floweret bright and fair,
 Thy blushing beauties grace each scene,
 Thy sweets embalm the air.

Yet though thy rich perfumes I prize,
 Thy form I cannot see,
 Thy beauties gladden other eyes,
 But bloom no more for me.*

Nature in vain her choicest store
 Spreads in the dazzling light,
 I breathe its fragrance, but no more
 Enjoy the pleasing sight.

Yet grieve not thou my heart, e'en now,
 Hope gently whispers there,
 The unfading Rose of Sharon thou
 In Paradise shall see.

Still may my spirit calmly bend,
 Awhile its cross to bear ;
 Then with each kind and faithful friend,
 Receive a welcome there.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

BEHOLD! yon neat and snowy couch,
 A wasted form lies there,
 Who calmly for her summons waits,

* The Author is afflicted with total blindness.

To quit this world of care :
 For all is holy peace and rest,
 Within that young untroubled breast.

Full well she knew the Saviour's name,
 And longed to see his face ;
 Nor would the tongue e'er cease to speak,
 Of his redeeming grace :
 And when her thoughts would upwards fly,
 She felt she for his sake could die.

No deep complaint, no murmuring void
 From her pale lips would fall ;
 For well she knew what He endured
 Who suffered for us all :
 And those who by his side would stand,
 Through tribulation reach that land.

Life's flickering taper almost spent—
 Such heavenly sounds she hears,
 From that celestial choir above,
 Too sweet for mortal ears :
 And now the spirit takes its flight,
 To yon blest regions of delight.

Conducted to that heavenly home,
 Prepared for her above ;
 She now looks on the face of Him,

She early learned to love :
 And joins the angelic host to raise
 Her own sweet melody of praise.



THE ROCKS' LAKE.



THERE is a calm sequestered lake,
 In yon embowering wood ;
 And oft have I in childhood's days,
 With wonder on the landscape gazed,
 Reflected in the flood.

The towering oaks in verdant pride,
 Their shadows o'er it fling,
 And on its mossy banks have met
 The primrose and the violet,
 To greet the birth of ~~the~~ spring.

And there sweet nature's choristers
 Their harmony combine,
 The cuckoo and the merry thrush,
 With smaller birds in every bush,
 In one full concert join.

No other sounds save theirs are heard,

But all around it seems

As if that cool and peaceful glade,

Was but for contemplation made,

Or poet's fairy dreams.

When fancy takes her airy flight,

. She might suppose that there

Within that silent rocky cell,

Some holy hermit chose to dwell,

And spend his life in prayer.

If man by warring passions torn,

Or bowed beneath the rod,

Should seek some quiet place of rest,

This scene would calm his troubled breast,

And win his soul to God.



THE OCEAN.



RESTLESS ocean ! spreading wide,

Who can stem thy rolling tide,

Stretching where no eye can see—

Emblem of eternity.

Now thy waves with quickening pace,
And foaming rage each other chase ;
Dashing onward to the shore,
Where they sink to rise no more.

Who can tell, thou mighty deep !
What wonders in thy bosom sleep ;
Or what riches may be found,
Where thy coral strands abound ?

Yonder white and spreading sail,
Gently swelling in the gale,
Comes from India's sunny shores
Laden with its spicy stores.

England's glory and her pride,
Ships of war—here safely ride
Round her coast, strict watch to keep,
That her sons in peace may sleep.

Now the tiny fisher's boat,
Like a speck is seen to float ;
Now it mounts the waves on high,
And now is hidden from the eye.

He, who rules the wond'rous whole,
Claims thy homage, Oh my soul !
He, who forms the sea and land,
Holds the waters in his hand.

At His word they ebb, they flow,
 Nor beyond His bounds dare go ;
 But obedient to His will,
 His divine commands fulfil.

Can I then regardless be
 When His mighty works I see ?
 Or shall I forgetful prove
 While I feel His power and love ?

Lord renew my sinful heart, .
 And thy pard'ning grace impart ;
 By it made thy kingdom's heir,
 I a Saviour's love shall share.

ON MUSIC.

SCIENCE sweet, of heavenly birth,
 Music ! I would sound thy praise,
 But words to me seem dull and cold,
 Although in flowing numbers told,
 Or sung in lively lays.

Thy power was known in days long past,
 E'en when the world was young,
 And Jubal, with a skilful hand,
 The loudly-pealing organ planned,
 And the harp rudely strung.

But David's lyre was sweeter far,
 Which ne'er was touch'd in vain,
 It soothed the monarch's vengeful ire,
 And quenched the fierce and raging fire
 That scorched his maddening brain.

Long since within fair Salem's walls,
 Did Judah's maidens bring
 That holy harp at ev'ning hours,
 To their luxuriant turret-bowers,
 "And tune its golden string."

And while their fingers swept the cords
 At that calm hour of prayer,
 From their clear voices, soft and low,
 Such sweet and melting sounds would flow—
 'T was rapture to be there.

When Richard in his prison-tower,
 Sat musing thoughtfully,
 Then did the wand'ring minstrel bring
 Glad tidings to the captive king,
 Of life and liberty.

No wonder England's sons were brave,
 Thus by their bards inspired,
 And while they sang of battles won,
 The noble deeds their sires had done,
 Their hearts with glory fired.

And shall not now fair Albion boast,
 Her sons deserve the name
 Their fathers earned in days of old
 Beneath their standard lion bold,
 And swell the lists of fame?



ON THE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY OF A DEAR FRIEND.



Oh! spare her, Lord! in mercy spare,
 Thy summons yet delay;
 Still leave her as a guiding star
 To light us on our way.

We bow before thy awful throne,
 Trembling with doubt and fear,
 For much thy crying children need,
 The warning voice to hear.

Then spare her yet a little space
 Still with us to remain,
 That we with her may seek thy face,
 And seek it not in vain.

Angels stood hov'ring round her couch,
 Commissioned from on high,
 To bear her ransom'd spirit hence,
 To realms beyond the sky.

Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem !
 Already open stand ;
 And round thy shining walls appear
 A bright celestial band.

One bears a robe of spotless hue,
 And one a diadem ;
 Another tunes a harp of gold,
 Adorned with many a gem.

Those gems, which hang like crystal drops,
 Are tears that sinners shed,
 Who by her warning voice and prayers,
 Were to a Saviour led.

But first amidst that heavenly throng,
 A radiant form appears,
 A seraph's crown adorns her head,
 A golden zone she wears.

Her piercing eyes, though earthward bent,
No messenger descries ;
At length, two shining heralds seem
From snow-white clouds to rise.

With them no sister-spirit comes,
Onward in haste she flew,
I would be first to welcome her,
Why comes she not with you ?

She comes not yet ; her task's not o'er,
We from earth's children bring,
These censers filled with praise and thanks
To offer to our King.

For he in mercy grants those prayers,
Which reach his listening ear,
Revoked the mandate, which we bore,
And thus you see us here.

They passed the gates in silence all,
But from those censers rise,
The incense sweet of praise and thanks,
Its odour fills the skies.

ON SPRING.

I LOVE to sing the opening spring,
When rested nature wakes from sleep,
And on the green and sunny banks,
The violet and the primrose peep.
'Tis sweet to breathe the air of morn,
When dew-drops hang on every thorn.

The cheerful lark now mounts on high,
Its early orisons to pay,
And in the daisy-spangled meads,
The merry lambkins skip and play.
Then, drowsy slumberer ! raise your head,
Nor waste the precious hours in bed.

And now her many-coloured robe,
The blooming hedge-row deigns to wear ;
The wild rose and the woodbine sweet,
With their rich fragrance scent the air.
But, first, her May-bush must be dressed,
In the beauteous snow-white vest.

Where is the loom that can produce
A carpet of such brilliant hue ?
As o'er the verdant flow'ry fields,

Beauteous nature spreads for you.
Then envy not the rich and great,
In their splendid rooms of state,

Is your heart to music tuned ?

I bid thee to a vocal treat,
For nature's choristers agree

Daily in the groves to meet.
No ticket they require, nor fee,
For all are there admitted free.

Shall we then covet pomp and show,
While we possess our rosy bowers ?

Are not their richly painted halls,
But faint attempts to copy ours ?
Then let us in contentment rest,
For God bestows what He thinks best.

ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

WHEN faithful memory brings to mind,
Those who have gone before,
Then do I think of thee, poor Belle,
Whose face I do remember well,
But shall behold no more.

Companion of a master kind,
 With all thy race's pride,
 I've seen thee over heath and dale,
 And down the Welshes' lonely vale,
 Come bounding by his side.

Removed to Buckham's loftier hall,
 Still his attendant there,
 Oft would'st thou by his table stand,
 Intently watching from his hand,
 The dainty bit to share.

Oh! they were happy days with us,
 We dreamt not of the storm,
 That crushed the tender floweret first,
 Then o'er the lofty tree it burst.
 And bowed its lofty form.

Still to extend life's feeble span,
 He sought yon healthful shore ;
 But the pale cheek and the sunken eye,
 Too surely told, that death was nigh ;
 And he returned no more.

In yonder silent resting place,
 A brief memorial stands,
 And tells to travellers, such was he,
 What *he* now is *they* too must be,
 And pass to other lands.

But with a master ever kind,
 Who loves thee too as well ;
 Beneath a rich and noble dome,
 Thou now hast found another home,
 And still art happy Belle.

TO MISS ——— ON LEAVING HOME.

MUST we then part ? has the decree gone forth
 That severs thee from those most loved on earth ?
 Yet grieve not, since by Him it is thou'rt led,
 The mazes of life's wilderness to tread.
 Though dark'ning clouds at present o'er thee fly,
 They will disperse and leave a brighter sky.
 Trials are needful for us here below ;
 It is by trial that our virtues grow.
 Think on the weight that bowed His sacred head,
 Who knew no sin, yet like a felon bled ;
 Was beaten, wounded, stretched upon the tree ;
 Compared with His, how light our pains must be.
 That mother too, what anguish rent her heart,
 When thus compelled from such a Son to part !
 Methinks I hear her bitter groans e'en now,

When gazing on his lacerated brow.
She saw the spear upraised to pierce his side,
From which sprung forth the precious crimson tide ;
Heard him in agony for water crave,
Then groan and die, a guilty world to save.
Thy mother too, her share of sorrow knows,
Yet lighter hers, compared with Mary's woes.
Still nature will prevail, in spite of all
Her best resolves, the starting tear will fall.
And sighs will rend a tender parent's heart,
When from a much-loved child constrained to part ;
But soon I trust these clouds will all pass o'er,
And thou wilt then return to part no more ;
Unless it be thy destiny to reign,
The happy mistress of some fair domain.
But if from trial to trial thou still must go,
Should thorns more thickly in thy pathway grow ;
Oh ! think how soon the end of all will come,
And seek a better, more endearing home,
Where thou amidst rejoicing saints shall dwell,
And bid the world with all its cares—farewell.

TO MRS. H—N.

AMIDST yon festive throng,
From one eye tears are starting ;
One heart its throbbing tries to quell,
And hide its pain at parting.

Thou more than mother ; guardian, friend
Of that young, and happy bride,
When thy last fond kiss is given,
Who shall fill the painful void ?

There is One and well thou knowest him,
Sitting now enthroned on high,
To thee a comforter will send,
Who can every loss supply.

His holy spirit ever with thee,
Thou no loneliness can ~~ever~~ know,
Safely thou through Jordan's waters,
Guided by his hand shalt go.

Yet a little thou must tarry
Grieve not at the short delay,
He thy mansion is preparing,
In his realms of endless day.

TO MISS J—

ONCE more before yon hallow'd shrine,
Where the nuptial torch is lighted,
The cheerful bridal train is seen,
Witnessing the vows there plighted.

Around thy youthful placid brow,
Now the orange-wreath is twining,
Telling that for one thou art now,
Friend and brothers too resigning.

May he prove a faithful guardian
O'er thee, thus to his care consigned ;
The friend, the brother's loss supply,
With stronger, dearer ties combined.

Be thy happiness endearing,
Not as flowers that soon decay,
But like Sharon's rose unfading,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

And when life's fleeting joys are o'er,
For earthly joys with time will fly,
Together may you ever dwell,
In blissful regions of the sky.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS COMING OF AGE.

SURROUNDED by the fair and gay,
Who meet on this auspicious day,
The youth as man to hail ;
And o'er full cups of rosy wine,
Pledge happiness to thee and thine,
While mirth and joy prevail ;

Think not, dear Edward, there to see
All, who this day will think of thee ;
Thy distant friends unite
In wishes that thy earthly road,
May be with thornless roses strew'd,
Without a worm to blight.

And far away 'midst woods and dells,
A lone but grateful spirit dwells,
Whose race is almost run ;
But whose most fervent prayers will rise
That he who reigns in yonder skies,
May bless the widow's son.

Altho' no belted knight art thou,
 No coronet adorns thy brow,
 No chieftain of a clan,
 Thou now a right may'st justly claim,
 To that revered and noble name,
 The "free born Englishman."

Then let no blot, nor foul disgrace,
 That name's fair purity deface,
 But guard the treasure well:
 Remember 'twas bequeathed to thee,
 An honour'd parent's legacy,
 And bears a magic spell.

Still may the charm be ever found,
 Unbroken as the years roll round;
 Then like a meteor bright,
 When summon'd from this world of care,
 Thy father's blissful home to share,
 Thou 'lt leave a shining light.

And as by one fair guiding star,
 The eastern sages were led far,
 A Saviour's face to view,
 Many, by thy example led
 The christian's heaven-ward path to tread,
 May seek and find Him too.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. R.

FAREWELL, much loved one, farewell,
Thy sufferings all are o'er,
Thy spirit now has found its rest,
On yon bright, beautiful shore.

Thou through thy weary pilgrimage,
Did'st breathe no murmuring sigh ;
But to a dying Saviour's cross,
For refuge thou did'st fly.

Bow'd down beneath a weight too great
For mortal strength to bear,
Thy ransomed spirit dropp'd its load,
Of earthly pain and care.

Thy christian hope is realized,
Thy warfare now shall cease,
For thou hast join'd the radiant host,
Around the Prince of Peace.

And he who conquer'd sin and death,
A glorious crown will give,
And the victorious palm from him,
Thy hand shall now receive.

Oh ! may we soon with thee unite,
 Renewed by grace divine,
 And rob'd in Jesu's righteousness,
 With thee for ever shine.



TO MISS—



WELCOME ! most welcome again to these scenes,
 These valleys adorned with sweet flowers,
 Thy footsteps again shall retrace,
 And thine eye glance over each place,
 Well known in childhood's gay hours.

But Ah ! where are they, who guarded thee then
 And soothed all thy sorrows and pains ?
 They are gone like the visions ^{of} old,
 And passed as a tale that is told,
 Their memory only remains.

But still there are hearts, which, faithful and true,
 Now hasten with joy to receive thee ;
 Their kindness thy spirit shall soothe,

In sickness thy pillow shall smooth,
 And in sadness thy solace shall be.

And when thou hast run thy destiny's course,
 May those spirits, who here claimed thy love,
 Be first in the ranks of the blest,
 To lead thee away to thy rest,
 Prepared in the mansions above.



TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.



FAREWELL, fair maiden, fare thee well,
 Another home awaits thee now,
 May peace and joy attend thee there,
 Too distant be the thorns of care,
 Ever to pierce thy brow.

May he, for whom thou art quitting all,
 Thy friends and young companions gay,
 Be ever faithful, true and kind,
 Possess a rich and well-stored mind,
 And thus their loss repay.

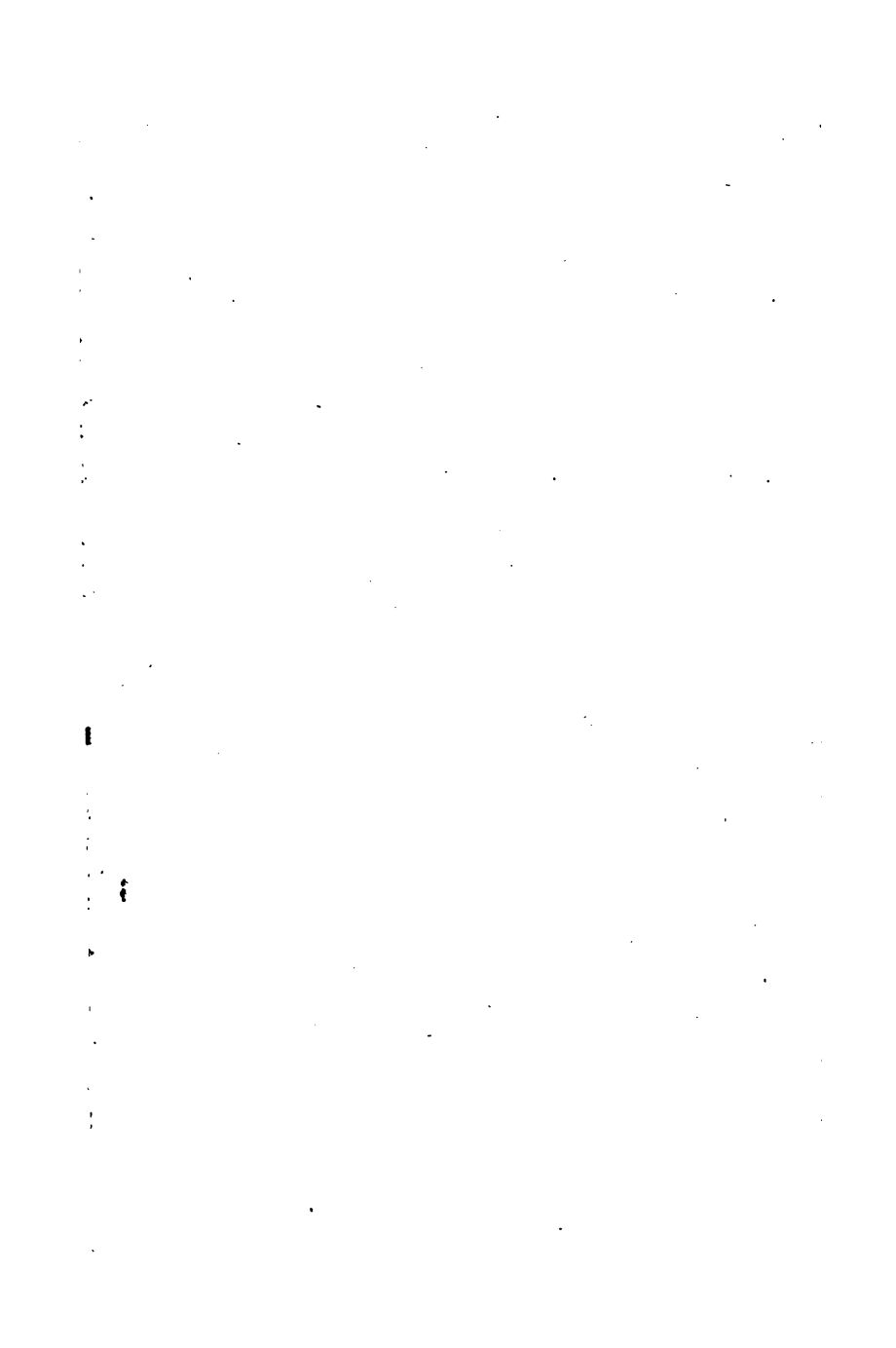
Thy mother's prayers shall guard her child,
Thy father's blessing too impart,
A pleasing home of future joy,
And sweet content without alloy,
Though now 'tis pain to part.

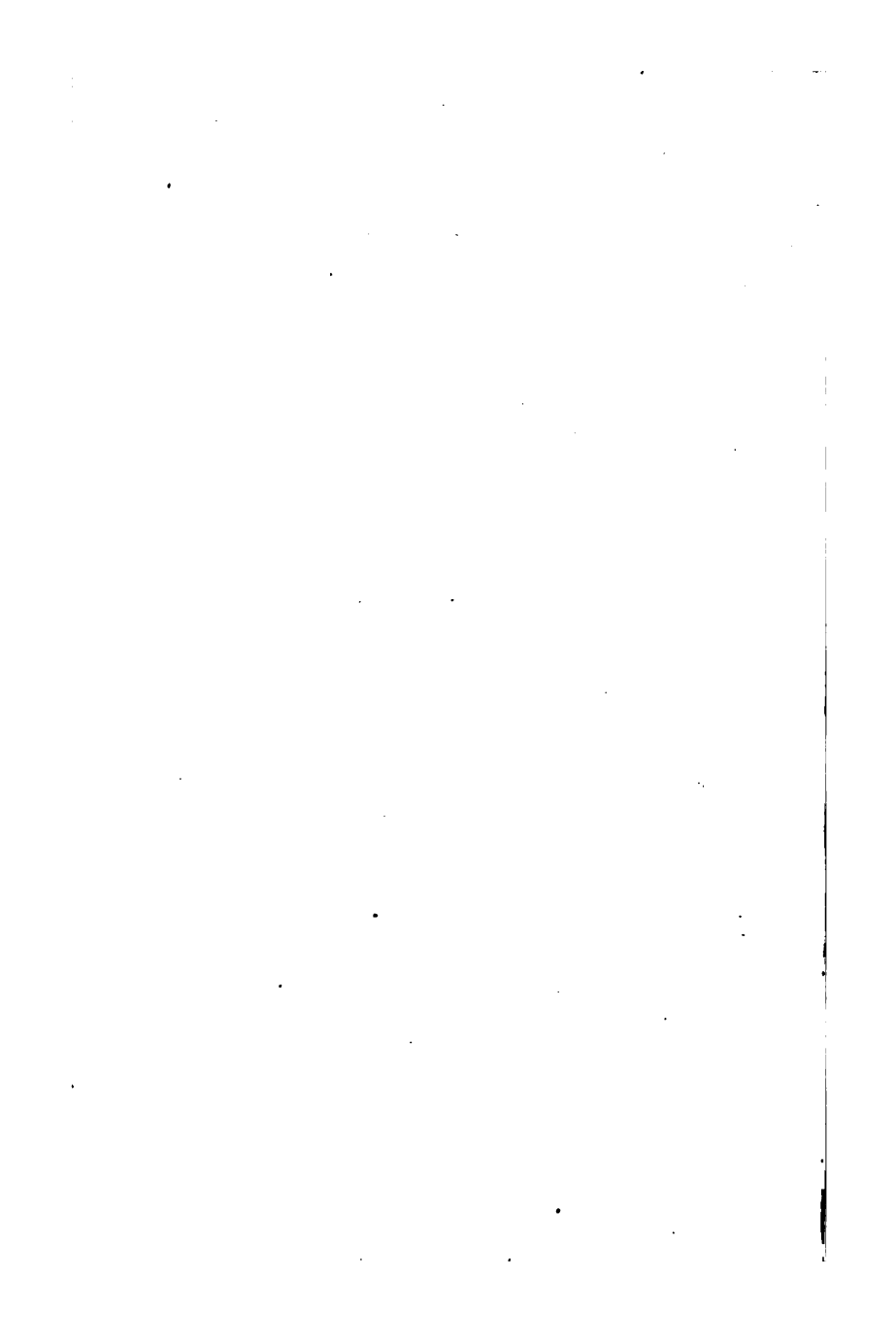
And as time silently steals on,
Year after year may stronger ties
Bind thee, than e'en the sacred vow,
Thou 'st pledged within the temple now,
Of Him who rules the skies.

And when the solemn hour shall come,
That hearts so joined must sever,
Short be the trial to either given,
Then meeting in the courts of heaven,
Unite again for ever.

THE END.







ERRATA.

Page 5, line 1—for "like some to boast," read "to boast like some."

7, line 12—for "rocks," read "rooks."

10, line 10—for "I'll give rest," read "I'll give the rest."

11, line 4—for "mother's care," read "mother's prayer."

12, line 1—for "that parting," read "our parting."

13, line 9—for "O! may," read "then shall."

14, line 3—for "change," read "trial."

— line 5—for "of worth is found," read "of greatest worth."

— line 9—for "lay," read "laid."

22, line 17—for "that," read "'t is."

26, line 1—for "and love," read "and his love."

35, line 11—for "work," read "course,"

45, line 10—for "there," read "the."

46, line 6—for "the tongue," read "her tongue."

— line 10—for "void," read "word."

47, line 13—for "of the spring," read "of spring."

52, line 17—for "crying," read "erring."

55, line 17—for "her Mây-bush," read "the May-bush."

— line 18—for "in the beauteous," read "in its beauteous."

56, line 1—for "beauteous," read "bounteous."

57, line 15—for "lofty," read "noble."

59, line 19—for "endearing," read "enduring."

60, line 1—for "festive throng," read "joyous festive."

— line 14—for "can ever," read "shalt."

61, line 13—for "endearing," read "enduring."

63, line 7—for "nor," read "or."

64, line 1—read "thou much loved one."

— line 4—for "beautiful," read "peaceful."

65, line 12—for "like the visions," read "like visions."

67, line 3—for "home," read "hope."

